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A MAN'S FAD  
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By Roscoe Dexter

James Martyn, the millionaire owner of the Martyn Ship Construction Co., turned to his secretary, Miss Edna Summers, with a rather shamefaced expression.

"The committee is waiting outside, Miss Summers," he said. "You are quite sure you are willing to see them?"

"Quite sure," answered the pretty secretary, smiling.

"It is in the interests of sociology," continued her employer. "It is the hardest thing I have ever had to do."

"You mustn't care about my feelings, Mr. Martyn," answered the girl. "In the interests of sociology anything is justifiable."

The millionaire went out, to return in the company of a committee of investigators, mostly whitebearded and bald, who stared in astonishment at the comely, refined young woman standing quietly before them.

"Surely this young lady has never been a—a convict!" exclaimed the spokesman.

"Yes, gentlemen," answered the millionaire, "and I thought that before showing you over my plant I would take you in here and demonstrate my greatest success in my scheme for reclaiming human wreckage. As you know, it is my boast that I can reform any man or woman in the world. Given a chance to labor honestly, nobody is irredeemable. Three-fourths of my most trusted employees are ex-convicts."

"But—what have been this lady's crimes?" inquired the spokesman, stroking his beard.

"She was the worst woman in Boston, sir. She has served one year as a pickpocket, one year for larceny, six months for stealing in department stores and six months for receiving goods. When I engaged her, her only redeeming quality for her old father and

mother. Now she handles an aggregate of \$4,000 a day in hard cash."

"Wonderful," ejaculated the spokesman and the committee, watching Miss Summers in fascination. "And I understand, Mr. Martyn, that you pay each of your employees, whether male or female, \$35 a week, irrespective of the work they do?"

"That is so, sir," answered Mr. Martyn. "It is my theory that \$35 is the minimum living wage on which one can exist in comfort, in these



"Surely This Young Lady Has Never Been a Convict"

days of soaring prices. At that salary my employees are satisfied and endeavor to make themselves worthy of my confidence. In fact, it is not only just, but it pays."

He followed them out, to conduct them upon their tour of his establishment. The moment that the door closed behind them Miss Summers took out her handkerchief and burst into tears. She sobbed unrestrainedly for some minutes; then, as suddenly ceasing, she dabbed at her eyes,